"The Truth shall make you FREE."—Christ.

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FAITH AND PATIENCE.

By T. S. Arthur.

"I have no faith in anything," said a doubter, who had trusted in human prudence and been disappointed; who had endeavoured to walk by the lumine of self-derived intelligence, instead of by the light of divine truth; and so lost his way in the world. He was fifty years old. What a sad confession for a man thus far on the journey of life! "No faith in anything!"

"You have faith in God, Mr. Fanshaw," replied the gentleman to whom the remark was made.

"In God? I don't know him." And Mr. Fanshaw shook his head, in a bewildered sort of way. There was no levity in his manner.

"People talk a great deal about God, and their knowledge of him," he added, but not irreverently. "I think there is more of pious cant in all this than of living experience. You speak about faith in God. What is the ground of your faith?"

"We have internal sight as well as external sight."

There was no response to this in Mr. Fanshaw's face.

"We can see with the mind, as well as with the eyes."

"How?"

"An architect sees the building, in all its fine proportions, with the eyes of the mind, before it exists in space visible to his bodily eyes."

"Oh! that is your meaning, friend Wilkins," said Mr. Fanshaw, his countenance brightening a little.

"In part," was replied. "That he can see the building in his mind, establishes the fact of internal sight."

"Admitted; and what then?"

"Admitted, and we pass into a new world—the world of spirit."

Mr. Fanshaw shook his head, and closed his lips tightly.

"I don't believe in spirits," he answered.

"You believe in your own spirit."

"I don't know that I have any spirit."

"You think and feel in a region distinct from the body," said Mr. Wilkins.

"I can't say as to that."

"You can think of justice, of equity, of liberty?"

"Yes."

"As abstract rights, as things essential, and out of the region of simple matter. The body doesn't think; it is the soul."

"Very well. For argument's sake, let all this be granted. I don't wish to cavil. I am in no mood for that. And now, as to the ground of your faith in God."

"Convictions," answered Mr. Wilkins, "are real things to a man. Impressions are one thing; convictions another. The first are like images on a glass; the others like figures in a textile fabric. The first are made in an instant of time, and often pass as quickly; the latter are slowly wrought in the loom of life, through daily experience and careful thought. Herein lies the ground of my faith in God—it is an inwrought conviction. First, I had the child's sweet faith transfused into my soul with a mother's love, and unshadowed by a single doubt. Then, on growing older, as I read the Bible, which I believe to be God's Word, I saw that its precepts were divine, and so the child's faith was succeeded by rational sight. Afterwards, as I floated off into the world, and met with storms that wrecked my fondest hopes, with perils and disappointments,

faith wavered sometimes; and when the skies were dark and threatening, my mind gave way to doubts. But always, after the storm passed and the sun came out again, have I found my vessel unharmed, with freight ready for shipment of value far beyond what I had lost. I have thrown over, in stress of weather to save myself from being engulfed, things that I held to be very precious—thrown them over, weeping. But, after a while, things more precious took their place—goodly pearls, found in a farther voyage, which, but for my loss, would not have been ventured. Always am I seeing the hand of Providence—always proving the divine announcement, 'The very hairs of your head are numbered.' Is there no ground for faith here? If the Word of God stand in agreement with reason and experience, shall I not have faith? If my convictions are clear, to disbelieve is impossible."

"We started differently," replied Mr. Fanshaw, almost mournfully. "That sweet faith of childhood, to which you have referred, was never mine."

"The faith of manhood is stronger, because it rests on reason and experience," said Mr. Wilkins.

"With me reason and experience give no faith in God and no hope in the future. All before me is dark."

"Simply because you do not use your reason aright, nor read your experience correctly. If you were to do this, light would fall upon your way. You said, a little while ago, that you had no faith in anything. You spoke without due reflection."

"No; I meant just what I said. Is there stability in anything? In what can I trust to-morrow? Simply in nothing. My house may be in ruins, burned to the ground, at daylight. The friend to whom I loaned my money to-day, to help him in his need, may fail me to-morrow in my need. The bank in which I hold my stock may break—the ship in which I have an adventure, go down at sea. But why enumerate? I am sure of nothing."

"Not even of the love of your child?"

A warm flush came into the face of Mr. Fanshaw. He had one daughter, twelve years old.

"Dear Alice," he murmured, in a soft voice. "Yes, I am sure of that. There is no room for doubt. She loves me."

"One thing in which to have faith," said Mr. Wilkins. "Not in a house, which cannot be made wholly safe from fire; nor in a bank, which may fail; nor in a friendly promise, nor in a ship at sea; but in love! Are you afraid to have that love tried? If you were sick or in misfortune, would it grow dim, or perish? Nay, would it not be intensified? I think, Mr. Fanshaw," continued his friend, "that you have not tested your faith by higher and better things—by things real and substantial."

"What is more real than a house, or a ship, or a bill of exchange?" asked Mr. Fanshaw.

"Imperishable love—incorruptible integrity—unflinching honour," was replied.

"Do these exist?" Mr. Fanshaw looked incredulous.

"We know that they exist. You know that they exist. History, observation, experience, reason, all come to the proof. We doubt but in the face of conviction. Are these not higher and nobler things than wealth, or worldly honours; than place or power? And is he not serenest and happiest whose life rests on these as a house upon its foundations? You cannot shake such a man. You cannot throw him down. Wealth may go, and friends drop away like withering autumn leaves, but he stands fast, with the light of Heaven upon his brow. He has faith in virtue—he has trust in God—he knows that all will come out right in the end, and that he will be a wiser and better man for the trial that tested his principles—for the storms that toughened, but did not break, the fibres of his soul."

"You lift me into a new region of thought," said Mr. Fanshaw. "A dim light is breaking into my mind. I see things in a relation not perceived before."

"Will you call with me on an old friend?" asked Mr. Wilkins.

"Who?"

"A poor man, once rich."

"He might feel my visit as an intrusion?"

"No."

"What reduced him to poverty?"

"A friend, in whom he put unlimited faith, deceived and ruined him."

"Ah!"

"And he has never been able to recover himself."

"What is his state of mind?"

"You shall judge for yourself."

In poor lodgings they found a man far past the prime of life. He was in feeble health, and for over two months had not been able to get out and attend to business. His wife was dead and his children absent. Of all this Mr. Fanshaw had been told on the way. His surprise was real when he saw, instead of a sad-looking, disappointed and suffering person, a cheerful old man, whose face warmed up at their entrance, as if sunshine were melting over it. Conversation turned in the direction Mr. Wilkins desired it to take, and the question soon came, naturally, from Mr. Fanshaw—

"And pray, sir, how were you sustained amid these losses, and trials, and sorrows?"

"Through faith and patience," was the smiling answer. "Faith in God and the right, and patience to wait."

"But all has gone wrong with you, and kept wrong. The friend who robbed you of an estate holds and enjoys it still, while you are in poverty. He is eating your children's bread."

"Do you envy his enjoyment?" asked the old man.

Mr. Fanshaw shook his head, and answered with an emphatic "No."

"I am happier than he is," said the old man. "And as for his eating my children's bread, that is a mistake. His bread is bitter, but theirs is sweet." He reached for a letter that lay on a table near him, and opening it, said—"This is from my son in the West. He writes: 'Dear Father—All is going well with me. I enclose you fifty dollars. In a month I am to be married, and it is all arranged that dear Alice and I shall go East just to see you and take you back home with us. How nice and comfortable we will make you! And you shall never leave us.'"

The old man's voice broke down on the last sentence, and his eyes filled with tears. But he soon recovered himself, saying—

"Before I lost my property this son was an idler, and in such danger that, through fear of his being led astray, I was often in great distress of mind. Necessity forced him into useful employment, and you see the result. I lost some money, but saved my son. Am I not richer in such love as he bears me to-day, than if, without his love, I possessed a million of dollars? Am I not happier? I knew it would all come out right. I had faith, and I tried to be patient. It is coming out right."

"But the wrong that has been done," said Mr. Fanshaw—"the injustice that exists. Here is a scoundrel, a robber, in the peaceable enjoyment of your goods, while you are in want."

"We do not envy such peace as his. The robber has no peace. He never dwells in security, but is always armed and on the watch. As for me, it has so turned out that I have never lacked for food and raiment."

"Still there is the abstract wrong, the evil triumphing over the good," said Mr. Fanshaw. "How do you reconcile that with your faith in Providence?"

"What I see clearly as to myself," was replied, "fully justifies the ways of God to man. Am I the gainer or the loser by misfortune? Clearly the gainer. That point admits of no argument. So, what came to me in the guise of evil, I find to be good. God hasn't mocked my faith in Him. I waited patiently until He revealed himself in tender mercy; until the hand to which I clung in the dark valley led me up the sunny hills. No amount of worldly riches could give me the deep satisfaction I now possess. As for the false friend who robbed me, I leave him in the hands of the All-wise Disposer of events. He will not find in ill-gotten gain a blessing. It will not make his bed soft, nor his food sweet to the taste. A just and righteous God will trouble his peace, and make another's possession the burden of his life."

"But that will not benefit you," said Mr. Fanshaw. "His suffering will not make good your loss."

"My loss is made good already. I have no complaint against Providence. My compensation is a hundred-fold. For dross I have gold. I and mine needed the discipline of misfortune, and it came through the perfidy of a friend. That false friend, selfish and grasping—seeing in money the greatest good—was permit-

ted to consummate his evil design. That his evil will punish him I am sure; and in the pain of his punishment he may be led to reformation. If he continue to hide the stolen fox, it will tear his vitals. If he lets it go, he will scarcely venture upon a second theft. In either event, the wrong he was permitted to do will be turned into discipline; and my hardest wish in regard to him is, that the discipline may lead to repentance and a better life."

"Your faith and patience," said Mr. Fanshaw, as he held the old man's hand in parting, "rebuke my restless disbelief. I thank you for having opened to my mind a new region of thought—for having made some things clear that have always been dark. I am sure that our meeting to-day is not a simple accident. I have been led here, and for a good purpose."

As Mr. Fanshaw and Mr. Wilkins left the poor man's lodgings, the former said,

"I know the false wretch who ruined your friend."

"Ah!"

"Yes. And he is a miserable man. The fox is indeed tearing his vitals. I understand his case now. He must make restitution. I know how to approach him. This good, patient, trusting old man shall not suffer wrong to the end."

"Does not all this open a new world of thought to your mind?" asked Mr. Wilkins. "Does it not shew you that, amid all human wrong and disaster, the hand of Providence moves in wise adjustment, and evil educes good, even though loss in some lower degree of life brings gain to a higher degree? Consider how, in an unpremeditated way, you are brought into contact with a stranger, and how his life and experience touching yours, give out a spark that lights a candle in your soul to illumine chambers where scarcely a ray has shone before; and this not alone for your benefit. It seems as if you were to be made an instrument of good not only to the wronged, but to the wronger. If you can effect restitution in any degree, the benefit will be mutual."

"I can and will effect," replied Mr. Fanshaw. And he did!

THE FAITH OF THE UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN EXPLAINED, JUSTIFIED AND DISTINGUISHED.

By Ezra S. Gannett, D.D.

[Concluded.]

SATISFIES THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN MAN.

If now we turn to the religious element in human nature, we find that it demands just such opportunity of exercise, such encouragement, guidance and help, as are presented to it in the exhibition we have made of the Divine character and of the relations of the Supreme Being to his children on earth. Where shall piety find an object to whom it may rise, even from the dust, in grateful confidence, if not in the Father whom it is our privilege to portray in terms which we think authorized by his chosen Messenger? Again, the moral is intimately associated with the religious part of our constitution; whence shall this draw instruction so suitable and adequate, at once so tender and so stringent, as from the exposition we give of duty? How can the conscience be quickened to a faithful performance of its work more directly than by the language we use respecting the obligation of personal righteousness? Or what motives can be addressed to the will more persuasive than those which are embraced within our representations of the dependence of honour and happiness, both here and hereafter, upon character?

So does the Gospel, as interpreted by Unitarian believers, justify itself to the *capacities* of our being. But there are also deep *wants* in this nature of ours,—wants which religion alone can relieve. It is needed for the protection of our frailty, for the satisfaction of our best desires, for the comfort of our sorrows; and in respect to the demands which each class of these wants makes upon a true religion, Unitarian Christianity fulfils the conditions required of it. How it assuages the grief of the mourner by its revelations of Divine love, of spiritual discipline and future blessedness, or how it offers to our purest desires the satisfactions which God and heaven alone can give, needs no illustration. I will only speak of the necessities which follow upon the exposure of such a nature as this which we inherit to the incidents

and influences of an earthly life. The consequence, as we see, is sin; not because we are naturally wicked, but naturally weak. We need to be kept from falling by means of truths which shall stand around our souls like heavenly guards; and when, notwithstanding their presence, we have fallen, we need friendly voices that shall save us from despair and restore us to our former position. Others may regard this as the last claim which we should presume to urge in favour of our interpretation of Christianity, but we do not hesitate to assert in its behalf, that it is pre-eminently suited to meet the wants of man as a frail and sinful being, alike as it reveals to him the origin and the remedy of his state. It tells him that he is a sinner because he *chooses* to be one, it sets before him the guilt of such voluntary estrangement from God, and it opens to him the conditions of a mercy large enough for the greatest of sinners. Behold here that union of reproof and pity which must be most effectual for the end which it contemplates.

MEETS THE WANTS OF MAN.

The time does not allow me to expand this argument as I could desire. Its importance entitles it to consideration; for as in the material creation the wonderful adaptations which we discover bespeak a Divine Author, so the admirable fitness of the religion of the New Testament to the beings for whom it was given is a proof of its superhuman origin, which has been justly insisted on by Christian writers, but the full force of which can be felt only where the true features of the revelation are discerned. Whether, on the one hand, we look at man as a being, the intellectual, social and spiritual elements of whose constitution require culture, or, on the other hand, as a being whose appetites and infirmities call for means of restraint, or, again, as a being whose history includes that terrible fact of sin which gives a new aspect to all his relations, and creates a before unknown class of wants, the most urgent which he can feel, we perceive in the truths and influences of our faith just that supply of direction, assistance and redeeming grace, which is needed. His intellect finds the loftiest exercise alike for its discursive and its meditative powers; his social affections are led forth to the happiest results by the constraint of that law of love to which they are subjected; his spiritual faculties obtain the freedom and elevation which they crave; his animal propensities are placed under the discipline of an habitual self-denial; his infirmities receive aid or admonition, as they may require; and for the evils which sin has brought upon him provision is made, equal, and more than equal, to all the necessities of which it has become the fruitful source.

FOUNDED UPON SCRIPTURE.

But I must leave any further illustration of this point to notice a second ground of confidence in our theological statements. They are founded upon Scripture. We take our faith from the Bible. Unitarian Christianity is the Christianity of the New Testament. We find it there on every page, and we find there nothing which suggests to us a different exposition of the Divine will. It is common, indeed, to deny us this occasion of rejoicing, and to charge upon us irreverent or violent treatment of the Scripture. We repel the charge, as wholly false. It is upon the testimony of the sacred volume that we plant ourselves, as on a sure foundation. The Bible is in our favour, from beginning to end. On what page of the Hebrew Scriptures is there a line that asserts any other doctrine than the absolute unity of the Divine Nature? Where, from Moses to Malachi,—where, from the history of the creation to the last words of Jewish prophecy,—is there an intimation that God exists in three persons, or that Christ was an infinite being? The Jews discovered no such doctrine during the centuries in which they were the sole possessors of these sacred books. And if the principles of sound interpretation which are observed in regard to every other book in the world, by any person laying claim to intelligence or honesty, be followed in the perusal of the Bible, not a passage can be brought thence which militates with our faith. The whole,—I make no exception,—the whole of both the Old and New Testament must be misconstrued to yield any other than a Unitarian interpretation.

PROOFS STATED.

Does any one demand proof of this declaration, so bold, I am aware, as it may be esteemed by others, but so obviously true, as it appears to us? The proof could be furnished in detail only by examining every text in the Bible. To such a trial of the correctness of the assertion we shall always rejoice to see it subjected, but this is not the time for such an investigation. I can only remark, that we place a two-fold reliance on the support which Scripture gives to our views: first, as its general tenor is clearly and strongly in their favour; and then, as particular passages—numberless in amount—confirm the impressions which we derive from the prevalent complexion of thought and style of expression. Let an unbiassed reader take up the Bible for the first time, and peruse it carefully, without commentary or friend near him to suggest what it *ought* to mean, and the conviction would grow stronger upon him as he proceeded from writer to writer, that they knew nothing about Trinitarianism, or many other doctrines which we have discarded from our theology. Let him then fall upon such passages as these:—"Hear, O Israel! the Lord thy God is one Lord;" "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent;" "To us there is but one God, the Father, and one Lord, Jesus Christ,"—and these are specimens of innumerable similar declarations,—and what judgment could he form, but that the Bible recognizes the distinction, on which we insist, between Him who alone is God and him who is the Mediator between God and man? We stand by the Bible, and the Bible stands by us. We love and honour the Bible, without which we should live in darkness and die as the heathens die. Precious volume! whose meaning the wisest cannot exhaust, yet the simplest may comprehend; book of books! treasure of treasures! source and summary of all good influences! Never may the hour come when we shall cease to cling to the Bible; for then shall we give up the main justification of our faith, and be thrown upon a fathomless sea of doubt.

APPEAL TO EXPERIENCE.

We adduce the testimony of our nature, as in its various elements—whether we consider its power or its weakness—it proclaims the validity of our interpretation of religious truth; and we cite the whole instruction of Scripture, whether contemplated in its general character or examined in detail, as concurring in the same result. To add only one other ground of confidence in the opinions which we hold, they prove their title to the estimation we bestow on them by the effects which they have produced. It may not become us to cite our own experience on this point,—to speak of the restraint they lay upon our passions, the stability they impart to our principles, or the peace with which they fill our hearts. We cannot press the argument in this form, for we feel how unworthily we have used the grace of God which he has shewn in bringing us to the knowledge of himself through his dear Son. But we may refer to those who have lived and died in this precious faith. We have seen—the world has seen—what Unitarian Christianity can do for man; how it can inspire him with a divine energy, and clothe him in a heavenly grace and prepare him for a glorious futurity. There have been examples of great excellence under almost every phase of belief which has been known in the Christian Church; for they have all included enough of truth to become "a savour of life unto life" to them who have believed. But never have nobler or purer examples of the Christian character been witnessed, than have arisen beneath the influences of that "form of sound words" which distinguishes—painful rather than pleasant it is to say, still *distinguishes*—us. From the days of the Apostles to our own time, through the successive periods of Christian history, there have never been wanting those who have been confessors of this faith, worthy to be numbered among God's elect. Amidst abundance and in poverty, under the sunshine of prosperity and beneath the darkest night of adversity, have lived those who have illustrated this faith, and shewn its power, whether to protect or to support the soul. Men of a true spiritual nobility, and women of a heavenly charm, have traced all that was good in them, and all that was beautiful, to their confidence in the truths of Unita-

rian Christianity. They who have departed in peace, or have triumphed over every obstacle and every disaster, have drawn from this armoury the weapons with which they have achieved the last, as all their previous victories. It is a sad mistake to suppose that only persons of a refined or speculative turn of mind can discover in this system of faith what is congenial to their tastes or needful for their wants. I call it a system, let me observe; for though we give it no systematic arrangement under which it may be imposed on human consciences, yet such an arrangement it must obtain in the mind of every thoughtful disciple. But not to men of thoughtful or retired habits alone is it adapted. The humblest and plainest of England's population, whom Richard Wright on his missionary tours visited in their rural homes, and the lowest among the inhabitants of a busy metropolis in the United States, whom the ministry-at-large has searched out and gathered into the fold of Christ, can attest the efficacy of these doctrines. Nor is it, on the other hand, less unjust to represent this faith as one which can recommend itself only to persons of little intellectual force or spiritual discernment. This latter objection, you will perceive, is overthrown by the former; but both are contradicted by facts. When such men as Socinus and Servetus, Newton and Locke, Priestley and Wakefield, and Buckminster and Channing, have cherished these tenets of an unpopular theology, it is idle to call it a religion only for gross or indolent minds.

NEITHER A COLD NOR NEGATIVE BELIEF.

The charge, common as it is, and certainly of grave import, which stigmatizes this as a superficial, negative or cold belief, is utterly false. The most spiritual people I have ever known were formed under its influence, and in no communion have the fruits of love to God and love to man been more largely exhibited than in ours;—we say it not in vain boasting, but in justice to the cause of truth. It is a calumny, though it be on many lips, to affirm that this is not a religion by which men may be prepared to die, or in which they can meet death with Christian hope. Thousands and thousands have gone down to the grave in the full conviction of this faith, and, when sensible that the springs of life were wearing out, have calmly waited as those who "knew in whom they had believed." Lives adorned with the beauty of holiness have been closed in the serenity of a religious trust, and characters which had withstood the assaults of temptation have been found more than able to cope with the surprise and terror of death, for to them death, under whatever circumstances it may have approached, has brought neither terror nor surprise. If any one ask for evidence of the sufficiency of our views of religion for all the exigencies of man as a sinner or an immortal being, amidst the vicissitudes of an earthly condition or the anticipations of a righteous judgment, we may point him to the examples of the living and the dead, whom to name would in the one case be superfluous, and in the other might be indelicate; and we leave to his own mind our vindication from the groundless charges under which we labour.

COMPREHENSIVE RIGHTEOUSNESS.

We preach a doctrine of righteousness which covers all human relations, and penetrates to the inmost recesses of our being. It is not a superficial propriety nor a conventional rectitude which we demand, but thorough genuine goodness. A man must be filled with this goodness, just as the tree is pervaded from its root and its heart to its outmost twig with the vital fluid. The life which is in us, the everlasting life, must penetrate and vivify our whole nature. Till this is our experience, we do but partly *realize ourselves*. We are not whole men in our own consciousness. The only true and complete man is he who bears the closest possible resemblance to Christ. They who live for earthly vanities, or they who pursue their worldly labour as if this were all they need think of, so far from having reached their being's end and aim, have not begun to comprehend it, and the great benefit of Christ's mission is still unknown to them. When we speak of righteousness, we do not mean that which is partial, but that which is comprehensive. How can a man be right who does not place himself in just relations to God, with whom his relations are more important than those he sustains towards all other beings? Righteousness,

then, as we understand it, includes piety not less than morality, and the character not less than the behaviour. So was it understood by our Lord, when he said, "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." They "shall be filled;" but those who do not desire this, their great good, with an impatience like that of the starving man for food, *they* shall be empty—empty of good—empty of that which alone has permanent value—empty of the real life. This is our doctrine concerning the present; and with this doctrine upon our hearts we are almost ready to say, Let others discourse of the future, for here we have a theme so grand and vast that it exceeds all our powers to treat it worthily. With this doctrine let Unitarian Christianity go into the world and entreat and adjure men to turn from the idols which their own hearts have set up in the secret places of their worship, to Him whom those hearts should confess and adore and love. Let it go into the world with this doctrine, and let the commentary be furnished by us in the growing holiness of our lives, and our faith will leap from crag to crag of society, and dart down into its lowly coverts, and bathe its whole expanse with a Divine influence, even as the morning light glances and spreads and rests over the whole landscape.

A LITTLE GIRL AND HER COPY.

A little girl went to writing-school. When she saw her copy, with every line so perfect, "I can never, never write like that," she said.

She looked steadfastly at its straight lines which were so very straight, and the round lines so slim and graceful. Then she took up her pen and timidly put it on paper. Her hand trembled; she drew it back; she stopped, studied the copy, and began again. "I can but try," said the little girl; "I will do as well as I can."

She wrote half a page. The letters were crooked. What more could we expect from a first effort? The next scholar stretched across her desk, and said, "What scraggly things you make!" Tears filled the little girl's eyes. She dreaded to have the teacher see her book. "He will be angry with me, and scold," she said to herself. But when the teacher came and looked, he *smiled*.

"I see you are *trying*, my little girl," he said, "and that is enough for me."

She took courage. Again and again she studied that beautiful copy. She wanted to know how every line went, how every letter was rounded and made. Then she took up her pen and began again to write. She wrote carefully, with the copy always before her.

But oh, what slow work it was! Her letters straddled here, they crowded there, and some of them looked "every which way."

The little girl trembled at the step of the teacher. "I am afraid you will find fault with me," she said; "my letters are not fit to be on the same page with the copy."

"I do not find fault with you," said the teacher, "because I do not look so much at what you do, as at what *you aim* and have the heart to do. By sincerely trying you will make a little improvement every day; and a little improvement every day will enable you to reach excellency by and by."—*Child's Paper.*

THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW.

Our religion not only elevates human aims and feelings, directs human energy and governs human passion, but sanctifies human suffering as well. The strong emotions of the human heart and all the causes which give rise to those deep feelings, at one time of sorrow, at another of affliction, and at another of joy, become to us, in the light of our religious faith and instruction, objects of calm contemplation and useful study. As it is true that there is no object in all the round of the works of God, in material creation, but shews a wise Providence, so there is no feeling or passion of our common nature which is not fruitful with Divine love.

A drop of rain at times reflects all the colours that adorn the landscape and beautify the wide expanse of nature; and a tear-drop not unfrequently is englobed with divine tenderness and goodness, and contains all the strength of affection, the bitterness of grief, or the profoundest evidence of joy.

The Scriptures affirm it is better to go to the house of mourning than the house

of mirth, for there the heart is made better by the tears we shed in sympathy. The Saviour more than once spoke of a moral fertility in hours of sorrow, and said the mourner would be comforted. Let us try to present therefore some of the advantages that constantly accrue from the discipline of sorrow.

All our feelings are sacred, implanted by Divine wisdom; they are instinctive with Divine goodness; and when to the very depths of the heart we have felt our souls moved to grief that has wept, or to joy that has shed its tears of gladness, or to pity that has found its expression in melting tenderness, the bosom throbbing with affection,—it was then we were made more deeply conscious of a power within us, of a soul that thrilled through every nerve and fibre of our being, and shook our very frame; this was the moment that became to us a new epoch from which we dated a better knowledge of our own souls and of God, and proved to us one of our greatest blessings, though purchased with deep sorrow and bitter tears.

We ought to rejoice that God, who hath implanted strong sympathies and deep feelings in our hearts, hath also provided in human life fit and proper instrumentalities to evoke and manifest the nature and strength of our souls. Toilsome as may be the every-day labour of life, this very labour becomes the strength of the body, and gives roundness, energy and physical beauty to our frame; so do the sad experiences of our lot develop the best qualities of our moral nature, and make us more manly and womanly than we could ever be without those trials of the spirit. It is a blessing that we are called to labour; not only in the productions of our labour, but in the health of the body as well are we blessed; the same may be said of sorrow, which so often proves the health of the soul.

There is no picture that makes a deeper impression on mankind in general than the tear of sorrow. In all exhibitions of art, whether of the painter or the sculptor, you find the largest groups of admirers around the well-executed tear-drop. Surely this is to say something for the heart of mankind. The tale of woe attracts the largest number of listeners. Pity is one of the deepest and purest traits of our nature. The soul is more susceptible to sympathy for suffering and misfortune than to any other phase of life. At times, all ranks and classes of men are moved to charity and expressions of condolence for the troubles and sorrows of others. A great shock of grief is like an earthquake that vibrates through our race. And long after we have witnessed a scene of sorrow, we still remember the tenderness and devotion, the pity and love, with which our hearts at that time were touched; the best chords of our nature then send forth their tones of music; it is long before this remembrance dies out of our recollection. Innumerable are the facts, and continually increasing is the evidence, that make us sensible of this, that there dwells in the bosom of mankind the strongest of all sympathies and the finest of all feelings, only called forth by the voice of anguish and the season of sorrow.

We may marvel at times that the great and good God permits so much in this beautiful and benevolent world to mar its stream of happiness; that tears are ever shed; that under the continual watchful care of His power, wisdom and goodness, occasions of human grief ever occur. But if we can clearly discover that a less supposed evil is made the instrument of a greater positive good, then it must strike us that our sorrow and the occasions of it are not an evil, only a less good, and the instrument of a greater happiness than otherwise could be ours without those agencies of labour and sorrow through which we pass.

There are many advantages connected with our grief, which through grief alone we discover. There is a deeper insight into human life and Divine government we are enabled to take through the dark days we are called to pass.

> "As through the shadowy lens of even
> The eye looks farthest into heaven,
> On worlds of light and depths of blue
> The glaring sunshine never knew."

So it is, in the dark, strange trials of our life, we gain a clearer knowledge and experience, a more enlarged compass of feeling than in the sunshine and prosperity of the world. Whatever painful process or seasons of darkness we are called to pass through, are all compen-

sated for in purity, patience and wisdom.

One of the benefits of grief is deeper sympathy and truer affection for the suffering. When sorrow comes to our home and touches us in losses that are all our own, then there is no affected grief, no dramatic sympathy with suffering. We have the better learned the measure of a neighbour's trouble by our own than by all our well-intentioned groping and inquiry after their care and grief, hitherto unknown to us.—Another advantage not uncommon to this season of affliction is a greater purity, a higher moral tone as well as sympathy.

> "He that lacks time to mourn,
> Lacks time to mend."

"Before I was afflicted I went astray," is the confession of men in all ages and countries. It is a part of both national and individual history. We have been in our sorrow emptied of self-confidence and of supposed strength, and made receptive of divine light and life. Days of sorrow have been remembered with feelings of gratitude, more so than days of mirth and gladness. God out of the darkness of our trials brought forth exceeding light, and our piety has been strengthened. For when like Jacob we have lain down on our stony pillow in the darkness of night, with no comforter near us, God has erected a ladder and filled it with angel presence; and we awoke from our sleep of sorrow, felt our hearts strengthened, our feelings mellowed, our hope of heaven confirmed, and God nearer to us through visions of peace that have been to us more than a dream of joy. Here are some of the benefits we derive from the discipline of sorrow, binding us to one another with greater sympathy, and to God with greater trust.

A wise man looks upon every season of trial and of affliction, not as a punishment, but as a divinely-ordained instrument of truer life. The time may come when the human family, every soul of us, may entirely abandon the idea of God punishing (in the ordinary views of punishment), and then we shall look upon our sorrows as a part of the Divine alchemy, the process of refinement and transformation, the passing through a furnace of affliction to purge away all our dross, that with a clearer eye, a more enlarged and benevolent soul, and a heart and conscience purified by experience and divine discipline, we may the better enjoy God for ever.

In days of prosperity there is some danger of making the earth and our enjoyments an idol. In days of adversity, the eye is turned away from the earth and outward things to the soul and to God. It is well that our trust in the finite and the perishable is at times destroyed, that the infinite, imperishable and eternal may have our thought. We often sow in tears, and as often reap in joy. We feel it is hard to part with our enjoyments; they are dear to us as life. Like the husbandman who buries his hope in the earth, weeping for the precious seed that moulders and dies; by and by the seed o'er which he has sorrowed is returned in ample sheaves to his bosom. It is so in the farm of the world and in the farm of human experience; the same good God sends seed-time and harvest, shower and sunshine, that fertility may never fail.

It is a common remark, that the best blessings of our civilization have been purchased with tears. This mysterious problem, we think, has been solved to our satisfaction. Whatever has deeply moved us has called forth the greatest efforts; whatever has strongly excited our feelings has fired us with greater resolution and energy; whatever has gone down to the depth of our soul has filled us with the most sacred thoughts; these experiences have broken up new ground in those new feelings, and filled us with better life. He who, like the Artesian well-man, pierces the deepest depths of the earth, calls forth from its bosom the most plentiful and pellucid of water, far exceeding in value its surface springs and rivulets; so those great trials and sorrows that touch the deeper places of the human heart call up the freshness and pristine beauty of our moral nature God has lodged there. We have only fathomed the greatness of our spirit's power and the wealth that is in the deeper recesses of thought and feeling by the varied troubles that have come upon us. The tear of childhood and the griefs of infancy that started from physical pain and bodily ailments, have given

place to pity and sympathy and sorrow for others' sufferings and losses. The compass of our affections has been continually enlarging, and the quality of our life getting more benevolent and better; and we have been growing up through all those influences to a greater oneness with our fellow-men, and to the magnificent spirit of Christian charity that feels for one and for all and that loves with the love of God.

There is a time to weep, to weep the tear of sorrow which shews itself and reveals the sadness of the heart and the greatness and strength of its trouble. Joy also weeps at times, and overflows its banks with tears. The glistening and dewy eye can shew the richness of its joy. Love also weeps, pours out the richness of a large and yearning heart. We learn amid the contrarieties of human experience, expressing itself through the same channel of tears, tears which become the landmark of the soul's nobility and sincerity, and the proof of its depth, compass and goodness. Blessed are they whose sorrows are penetrated with a faith in God's goodness, wisdom and power! Their tears then fall in the sunshine of divine light, are englobed with a divine promise, and erect o'er their heads a bow of beauty and of hope, the nimbus of the Divine presence.

This is one of the useful lessons of our religion, that those trials to which we are in mercy exposed are nothing less than the instruments of the Divine will to increase our piety, enlarge our sympathy, mellow and make rich and beautiful our feelings, afford a deeper insight into our own nature, elevate our aims and sanctify our souls. So it is we are enabled to conclude in the words and feelings of the Apostle Paul: "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of all mercies and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in ANY TROUBLE by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

WHAT YOUNG PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW.

THE best inheritance that parents can give their children is the ability to help take care of themselves. In any trouble or difficulty, they will have two servants ready, in the shape of the two hands. Those who can do nothing, and have to be waited on, are helpless and easily disheartened at the misfortunes of life. Those who are active and handy meet troubles with cheerful face, and soon surmount them. Let young people, therefore, learn to do as many useful things as possible.

Every boy should know how, sooner or later:

To dress himself, black his own boots, cut his brother's hair, wind his watch, sew on a button, make a bed, and keep the clothes in perfect order.

To carve and wait on table.

To reckon money and keep accounts correctly, and according to good book-keeping rules.

To write a neat, appropriate, briefly-expressed business letter, in a good hand, and to fold and subscribe it properly, and write contracts.

To put up a package, make up a fire, and regulate a clock.

Every girl should know how:

To sew and knit.

To mend clothes neatly.

To make the beds.

To dress her own hair.

To wash dishes and sweep carpets.

To trim lamps.

To make good bread and perform plain cooking.

To keep her rooms, closets and drawers in order.

To work a sewing machine.

To make a dress and children's clothes.

To keep accounts.

To write, fold and subscribe letters properly.

To nurse the sick efficiently, and not faint at the sight of a drop of blood.

To be ready to render efficient aid and comfort to those in trouble in an unostentatious way.

To receive and entertain visitors when her mother is sick or absent.

A young lady who can do all things well, and who is always ready to render aid to the afflicted, and to mitigate the perplexities of those about her, will bring more comfort to others, and happiness to herself, and be more esteemed, than if she only knew how to dance, simper, sing and play on the piano.

THE UNITARIANISM OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS, AS SEEN IN THE REPRESENTATIONS OF OUR LORD.

In my last paper, it will be remembered, I spoke about the different kinds of figures and pictorial embellishments found in the Catacombs of Rome. I divided them into four classes. The first class, comprising symbols of trade, &c., required but a very few words. The second class, formed of those having reference to the religious faiths and hopes of the early Christians, I described a little more fully, and shewed how, though the signs were undoubtedly Pagan in their origin, they were used by the Christians in a new and much higher sense. The fourth class, embracing what I called pure Christian symbols, I noticed at some length, and gave a short history of the Cross as the highest symbol of our faith. In the concluding paragraph I promised that in my next paper I would notice the representations of scriptural scenes, events and persons, as a step to my main subject,—the portraits of our Lord. This is to go back to the third class of symbols, which includes all the delineations of Old-Testament characters and narratives, and to examine them somewhat minutely.

This is a very interesting and instructive part of our subject. In it we can see how, little by little, Christianity on one side broke loose from the restrictions of Judaism, and allied itself to Gentile influence and æsthetics, and how on another side Jewish faiths, feelings and habits of thought, flowed into and filled with meaning the productions of Pagan art. The Jew, brought up to the rigid observance of the law of Moses, did not, when he became a follower of Christ, feel himself at liberty to ignore the commandment which forbade him to make unto himself "any graven image, or the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth." His education, the history and traditions of his nation, all conspired to excite in him a disdain of the imitative arts, especially in religious matters. Then, again, those who entered into the true meaning of Christianity saw that it was, even far more than Mosaism, a spiritual religion, which stood in no need of external helps to rouse and captivate the feelings. This hostility to everything approaching to artistic representation came into violent conflict with the predilection of the Gentile convert, and for some time it was the predominating influence. It branded with infamy every one whose occupation was connected with art,—which at that time was almost entirely in the service of idolatry,—and it forbade to any such the cleansing waters of baptism. If any convert from heathenism, after taking the Christian name and profession, returned to his old calling of making images, or embellishing altars and temples, he was immediately driven from the community.

But it will be obvious to every one that such violent opposition to art could be only for a time. As Christianity spread beyond the boundaries of Judaism, it washed other soils which imparted to it some of their own colouring matter. Heathenism had always been the nurse and patron of art. In her service, art had achieved its greatest victories, and had devoted to her honour and glory its noblest efforts. Religion and art together invented an alphabet of beauty. One gave shape, form and proportion to every work of man's hand, from the commonest article of domestic use to the grandest temple, and the other adorned it with symbols often full of a divine significance. Constantly living under such influences, it was impossible for the Gentile convert to rid himself of their associations. It was almost as natural for him to embody in some concrete and beautiful form the loftiest conceptions of his mind, as it is for the bee to construct its honeycomb. He could not pluck out of his nature and for ever cast away the æsthetic feelings, any more than he could root out of his soul religious feelings. Indeed, with him the love of the beautiful was part of religion; and though he had turned from the worship of lords many and gods many to the service of that Being who is not "worshiped with men's hands as though he needed anything," yet he could not but yield some obedience to those feelings which had long prompted him to give to every object around him its appropriate grace and allegorical meaning.

These two influences, then—the abhorrence of the Jews to every representation of religious subjects, and the æsthetic feeling of the Gentiles, which sought to stamp itself upon every possible circumstance and object—in the early period of Christianity came into fierce opposition. At first, and while the early church was little more than a liberal Mosaism, the Judaic influence of course was the ruling power. In time, however, the Gentile influence gradually made itself felt, and the first victory it obtained was in bringing into use the letter X, Chi, the first letter in the Greek name of Christ, as a sign of discipleship. From this to other signs and symbols was but an easy and a natural step, and from these, again, to the representations of Old-Testament scenes and persons, was but another step, both of which were takan.

In the mean time, however, what the Jewish element lost on one hand it more than gained on another. If it found it impossible to bring the Gentile mind into subjection to its æsthetic antipathies, it found it an easy matter to lead it captive in another direction. For hundreds of years there had prevailed in the schools of the rabbis a very fanciful, mystical and allegorical mode of interpreting the Scriptures. According to this method, any passage in any book which could by any possibility be applied to the person, office and character of the Messiah, was so applied, whatever might have been its original intent and signification. We have many instances of this kind in the Gospel of Matthew and the Epistles of Paul. Now this was just the field on which the predilection of the Gentile mind could display itself after it had once gained an entrance. Having been accustomed to the use of symbolism in the old order of things, it would now, after a period of constrained rest, burst into a new and vigorous activity. This we know it did. Old-Testament events were regarded as symbols of some phase or incident of Christianity; Old-Testament characters were held up as types of Christ, and the recorded experiences of the children of Israel thousands of years before were said to be prefigurations of the blessings or sufferings of the Christians in those latter days.

Accordingly there are found on the walls and ceilings of the Catacombs, and on ancient sarcophagi or tombs, numerous illustrations and sculptures of those Biblical scenes, all pregnant with symbolic life. The subject which seems to have been the greatest favourite in the Old Testament is the story of Jonah, swallowed and disgorged by the whale. Crude in conception and rude in execution as it often was, yet it was to the early believer the most direct sign of the burial and resurrection of Christ, who himself had said, that "as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." Daniel in the lions' den is frequently represented in the Catacombs, generally with uplifted hands as if in prayer, the animals on each side unable to hurt him while he thus invokes the heavenly aid. This is a beautiful symbol of him who overcame the world, and who committed his soul to that safe keeping from whose hand no man would be able to pluck it. The three children in the fiery furnace are also depicted standing side by side in the flames, with hands upraised in prayer. This may possibly refer to the safety of the Christians in times of persecution. There is no sign of fear or pain in them, any more than in Daniel; they are calm, peaceful, and engaged in the soul's most delightful exercise. Noah in the ark is also a subject often represented. The ark is nothing but a small chest with the lid thrown open. Noah stands up to the waist in it, and stretches out his hand to the dove, which is returning with the olive-branch. In the times I am now treating of, this was symbolic of the eternal peace of the Christians; but in later times the ark became the sign of the church floating safely, while the rest of the world perished. Moses often occurs in the different incidents of his life. There is one beautiful painting representing him untying his sandal in obedience to the voice which tells him to put off his shoes, as the place on which he stands is holy ground. But he is more frequently depicted as striking the rock from which flows a stream of water. In this case he is a symbol of Christ, who was the "water of life." Elijah taken up into heaven is a remark-

able group, and from the earliest times it has been regarded as the type of the ascension of Christ. Abraham offering up his son Isaac is another incident frequently found on ancient tombs. I mentioned this in my last paper, and drew particular attention to the date of the sarcophagus on which it is found, the latter half of the fourth century. By this time, as I shewed in the short history of the Cross, great changes had taken place in religious doctrine. The sweet simplicity of the gospel was swallowed up in the mystic philosophy of the Alexandrine Jews. Christ was elevated to the rank of a God, who "for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven," was crucified, suffered and was buried. Under the influence of such a corruption as this, it is not to be wondered at if the story of Abraham and Isaac was seized as a type of God sacrificing his well-beloved Son. I have not been able to find what was the earliest date at which this subject began to be depicted, but from its nature and the use made of it, it could not be long before the middle of the fourth century. It is singular also that on the same tomb (that of Junius Bassus) there is found a representation of Job, also a type of the sufferings of our Lord, which was now one of the doctrines of the church.

Now, what I want to point out is this, that in the earliest symbolic paintings and sculptures, as in the earliest signs of Christ, we have not the slightest reference to the vicarious sufferings of our Saviour. There is not one picture which can be said to typify his passion,—nothing to remind us of his agony and bloody sweat. The figure of the brazen serpent, which might well have represented the healing power of the "crucified Redeemer," is not once found, though Jesus is said to have applied it to himself; while, on the other hand, figures having reference to the benignant features of Christ and Christianity are found in abundance. The resurrection and ascension of Christ; his care for his followers and his bountiful supply of the waters of life; the peace and safety of those who trusted in him,—these and kindred subjects are the themes on which the disciples loved to dwell, and which they delighted to depict. This will be still more apparent when I come to speak of the representations of Christ. Now, however, I would conclude with saying, that since we find no symbolic picture of the earliest Christians which can in any way be said to have reference to the double nature of Christ, his vicarious sufferings, or his *all-atoning merits*, we are justified in believing that they knew nothing about these and the many other corruptions which have since spread so foul a blot over the fair face of Christ's beautiful and holy religion.—*To be continued.* J. T.

SHAKESPEARE—BYRON.

Did these immortal Bards believe in ultimate universal salvation from sin and misery? If they did not, they must have employed language without due consideration as to its import. There are passages in the writings of both which are never quoted in the embellishment of an orthodox sermon or lecture. (And it might be said that there are some in each which would be far from decorating a lecture of any kind.) Shakespeare makes the ghost of Hamlet's father speak thus to Hamlet:

"Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouseled, disappointed, unannealed;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head."

Thus it is seen that Hamlet's father was sent out of this world unprepared, in the blossoms of his sin,—that he was sent to his account with all his imperfections on his head. But this is not all. Shakespeare does not leave it thus. Again he makes the ghost say to Hamlet:

"I am thy father's spirit:
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burned and purged away."

Byron, in his "Vision of Judgment," thirteenth stanza, uses this language:

"'God save the king!' It is a large economy
In God to save the like; but if he will
Be saving, all the better; for not one am I
Of those who think damnation better still:
I hardly know, too, if not quite alone am I
In this small hope of bettering future ill
By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,
The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction."

THE RELIGION THAT IS WANTED.

Gail Hamilton has not a bad idea of the wants of the people in the direction of religion. Professions, creeds, and prayers, are as "plenty as blackberries" in these days, but we fear there is a great dearth of that pure religion which enters into the every-day affairs and business of life, and makes men and women kind, loving, faithful and true in all things. So, we presume, thinks the writer above noted. Hear her:

"We want a religion that softens the step, and tones the voice to melody, and fills the eyes with sunshine, and checks the impatient exclamation and the harsh rebuke; a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, courteous to inferiors, and considerate to friends; a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late, and keeps the dinner from being late—keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat—keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross; amuses the children as well as instructs them—wins as well as governs—cares for the servants besides paying them promptly—looks after the apprentice in the shop, and the clerk behind the counter, and the student in the office, with a fatherly care and a motherly love—setting the solitary in families, and introducing them to pleasant and wholesome society, that their lonely feet may not be led into temptation. We want a religion that will hold intercourse continually between the ruts and gullies and rocks of the highway of life, and the sensitive souls that are passing over them.

"We want a religion that bears heavily not only on the exceeding sinfulness of life, but the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing, a religion that banishes short measures from the counter, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton rags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, beet juice from vinegar, alum from bread, strychnine from wine, water from milk cans, and buttons from the contribution box. The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will sell raisins on stems instead of stems without raisins. It will not make one half of a pair of shoes of good leather, and the other of poor, so that the first shall rebound to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash; nor, if the shoes be promised on Thursday morning, will it let Thursday morning spin out till Saturday night.

"It does not send the little boy, who has come for the daily quart of milk, into the barnyard to see the calf, and seize the opportunity to skim off the cream, nor does it surround stale butter with fresh, and sell the whole for good; nor sell off the slack-baked bread upon the stable boy; nor dust the paper nor 'deacon' the apples.

"The religion that is to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not borrow money with little or no purpose of repayment but concealing or glossing over the fact.

"It looks upon a man who has failed in trade, and continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand, with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar."

FAITH IN GOD.

There are many dark passages in life, in which the reason can see no avenue of escape from the evils which threaten to overwhelm us, and we have nothing that we can do but to fall back on the arm of God and trust in him. He is a true man who can do that, and it gives us pleasure to quote the following language of the President of the United States, as indicating that he is not likely to faint or fail: "Sir," said Mr. Johnson, "there have been hours in this dark and terrible struggle when nothing sustained me but faith. I had seen my property seized, my friends scattered, my life in jeopardy, my state in chaos: reason failed me, experience failed me, and I should have given over in despair, had I not believed that somewhere in the universe there is a Right, and that behind it there is a God who will maintain it."

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A Lawyer on Preaching.—I have been a listener to sermons for fifty years, and either I have changed or there has been a great change for the worse in the delivery of the Gospel message. There is less earnestness, less directness, less logical power, and less study, than there was thirty years ago; and as a necessary consequence, the general style of sermons has become diffuse, if not superficial, and the result less efficient. If I am right in this, we have an important fact to be dealt with, and it ought to be removed or greatly modified, and that immediately.

A Christian Gentleman.—One of the professors in a Medical College was delivering a clinical lecture recently, and in telling an anecdote illustrative of some point he used profane language, not his own, but a quotation from some of our city physicians. A few days after, he was delivering his regular lecture at the college, and after he was nearly through said, in substance: "Gentlemen, I used profane language in relating an anecdote to the class the other day. I regret it very much, and for fear that my example might be construed as a justification of the habit of profane swearing, I take the occasion to say that I am exceedingly opposed to the practice, and think that I erred in making use of such language in any form, and I apologize to the class for my offence." His apology was heard with profound attention, and when the doctor concluded, the students applauded him enthusiastically, and expressed afterward their admiration of a man who had the courage to act so conscientiously and honourably.

Let Nothing be Lost.—A little child once gently reproved his nursemaid for shaking the table-cloth into the fireplace. "Oh! Charlotte," said he, "don't you know that God takes care of the sparrows? The Bible says so: and God will be displeased at your wasting those crumbs, which would have served the sparrows for breakfast."

Heart Magnetism.—If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the almost invincible particles, by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold.

Human Nature.—A poor negro who was near his end was questioned by a neighbouring clergyman as to the state of his mind. His replies were all very well, until he came to the article of forgiveness. "Me forgib ebery body but Sam N—." "But can you not forgive him?" "Wy, yes, if me die, me forgib him, but if me lib to get well, me gib him anoder knock."

An Eloquent Extract.—The name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth shall dwell on the lips of faith through unborn generations. The structures which man may raise under the successive forms of art—the granite warehouse, the marble palace, the sacred cathedral—shall disappear: the sciences, of which careful observers will collect the materials, and studious minds indicate the laws, shall undergo essential change; the philosophies which men will construct with great painstaking, and, as they may think, with immortal success, shall be supplanted by new systems; the political institutions of empires and republics shall be modified by a wisdom that will look back on our times as but the dawn of a permanent civilization; kingdoms shall fall, and nations be forgotten; but the Gospel of Christ shall survive all these changes. His name shall be dear to the millions that will overspread this Western Continent, or repeople the eastern hemisphere with new life, long after our virtues and our follies shall have been buried in oblivion, his authority shall be acknowledged by a believing and grateful world; and he shall reign till the end come, "when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father," that "God may be all and in all."—*Rev. Dr. Gannett.*

The Dead and the Living.—From a correspondent of the *Gazette* of Augsburg we learn that the pontifical government expends, every year, in masses for souls in purgatory, 800,000 francs, while for the budget of public instruction it pays only 214,000 francs.

Church Music.—Choirs, says a contemporary, seem too often to take up the erroneous idea that the leading object is *to have good music*, whereas the true object is *to worship God*. Tunes are selected in view of the former object, whereas the latter should always decide the choice. Often when a tune is suggested, some one cries out, "Oh! that's too old." Too old for what?

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